THE BIG FOUR STORY TELLERS ALL GREAT, BUT THE GREATEST IS JOHN ALLEN OF MISSISSIPPL

The Others are Laidlaw of New York, Tarkney of Michigan, and Mason of Ill-gots-Specimens of Their Style-Vance of Connecticut from Well for a Young Man. WASHINGTON, Dec. 23. - There are four elling cone in the House of Representaves. Around them servive a score or more of indets. The sums give out a light of heir own. It penetrates to every neck and reany of the House, and makes them welcome every cleak and committee room. The down when too gurish. The celestial bodies in the world of reminiscence are equally divided between the Becubicans and Democrata. John Allen of Mississippi and Timothy E. Tarsney of Michigan are representative Loco Foco nar-rators, and William E. Mason of Illinois and Villiam G. Laidiaw of New York fill the bill on the Bepublican side. The most brilliant of the suns is the Mississippian. The light of his humor is as clear and sparkling as the ight of an old mine diamond. His stories bear the stamp of genuine originality. They are drawn from the pages of his personal experience, and are unmatched in Congress. Laidiaw is fully as quaint and entertaining when confining himself to his recollections of Chautauqua county. Outside of that boundary, however, his stories are usually reset gems. The set-ting is always more brilliant than the jewel.

his stories are usually reset gems. The setting is always more brilliant than the jewel. Mason's tales remind you of Florida beans swinging from a watch chain. Unknown persons gather them from the sands of time, and the Chicago Congressman polishes them. Tarsney's reminiscences have a Celtic flavor. They recall scenes from Harrigan's plays. You can simost hear the fiddles in Dave Braham's orthostra while he recites them. The planets are of all magnitudes from ponderous Jupiter down to the asteroids.

The best of stories are usually generated in the hear of election contests. The late Prasidential fight was undoubtedly as fruitful as been brought back to the House. Much of that little is hruised and specked. The remainder, however, is sound and of an exquisite flavor. When the House debates are long and uninteresting, and when there are tedious roll calls, the story toller is in his element. He either finds a sofa in the rear of the hall or he occupies a chair near a glowing grate in a cloak room. His audience is proportioned to his mellowness. If fight mellow, the reminiscences are rare and racy. The taughter of the bystanders frequently interests the galeries. At times the Speaker is annoyed. A sharp rap of the gavel may scatter the crowd. If not, a word of warning is heard.

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At the opening of the present session the Republicans were exceedingly jubliant. Their fresidential success had been capped by a reported majority in the next Congress. Each member told how it must consider that the speaches of the "Bebel Brigadiers" had increased their pluralities. James 8. Sherman of Oneida county, N. L. said that John Allen had secured him a thousand votes. John had turned up in Utica aboard of an Eric canal hoat, and everybody had turned out to hear the Confederata Brigadier. When questioned concerning Sherman's story, John replied: "I recken not. The boys were with me. I captured them at once. I told them, of course, that I had served through the war, but not as a Confederate Brigadier. I was only a little mite in the samy—a no-secount rebel private—and, said I. "If you Yankees really knew how very little harm I did to the Union army I am sure there is not one among you who would not giadly forgive me. This brought down the house, and stopped the Brigadier cry in Utica."

Latillaw's favorite seat is in a corner of the Republican clock room. He sits there surrounded by Charles S. Baker. John Kean, Jr. James. J. Belden. Stephen T. Hopkins, and others. All smoke Belden's cigars and are good listenera. Latillaw requestly trenches on the domain of the nearoo minstrel. The other day his listeners were in a quandary. He had put this question: "Why is Grover like a mable troe?"

Even. Kean gave it up.

"Hecause he leaves in the spring."

"George Thatcher would say that this conunfirm is based upon the survival of the fittest."

Baker remarked.

Hecause he leaves in the spring. "I george Thatcher would say that this conuntitum is based upon the survival of the fittest." Baker remarked.

Two weeks ago bushy-headed William E. Mason came back from Chicago. A Democratic dimenber met. him in the Besaker's lobby. "Well. Billy," said he. "you've had an easy time in Congress under a Democratic administration. When Harrison's inaugurated, and you have to tree around the departments-looking for patronage under the Civil Bervice isw." The had a loredaste of what was coming." Mason replied: "Wenty-seven men after one Post Office! I'm like the son whose father died with the property, disinheriting the east of the family. The lawyers broke in and began to eat in the serior of the family. The lawyers broke in and began to eat in the serior of the family. The lawyers broke in and began to eat in the serior of the family the property, disinheriting the was a friend asked the son whose father died would have a district men and the property of the family. The lawyers broke in and began to eat in the serior of the family the property, disinheriting the first him all the property him and the first day, but on the second of particular to cause the first device and that his property distinct the first him all the found him and the first day, but on the firs

This year my constituents landed me on the free list."
Robert J. Vance is a planet in the firmament of Congressional humor. He brings from New Britain. Conn. a fund of good election stories. The best is an account of a conversation which he easy he overheard between two frishbant. They were discussing the Mills bill. Pat, said one of them, sure I can't confersional fundant they mane by raw material, so I can't." our my constituents landed me on

Gersthand itwhat they mane by raw material, so, I can't.

Sure that's aisy enough. Jemmy, so it is."

Pat replied. "Do ye moind the spuds beyant ?"

Pointing to a basket of potatoes near the door of a grocery.

I do, then," was the answer.

Whin you dig thim from the ground, sure they're raw material; but whin you boil thim wid their shinis on, sure they're manufactured articles."

The answer upset Jimmy. He puffed his pipe in silence for a full minute. "Bure, then, fwhat is it the Mills bill does be taxin'?" he esked.

It does be taxin coal and sugar and all the other, loxuries of life. Fat responded: but sure! think it taxes the condersthanding the most, so it does.

other luxuries of life. Fat responded; but sure I think it taxes the condersthanding the most so it does.

Ashbel P. Fitch is another of the planets. He returned from New York city with a laughable election story at the expense of Barney Martin, a Tammany Heutenant. Barney orwanized a negro Democratic club in his Assembly district. It was to parade when the President wisited the city. When the darkies were in line shouldering their torches, one of them was hit in the head with a blick hast thrown by a genuthe black Republican who stood upon the sidewalk. The wounded negro was infuriated, itushing up to Barney, he said: "Mr. Mahtin, see a real Democrat now sah—deed I is, sah I se for Cleveland now on de dead lebel!"

Another good story is told by a Congressman from New Jersey. That great orator, Daniel Dougherty, had been speaking in a well-known city not twenty miles from New York. Dougherty is very theatrical in manner and passionately cloquent. A locomotive engineer was asked what he thought of the Philiscelphian's speech. "Not much," was the reply. "If he had been treighted with fewer flowers and move facts he might have done the Democratio party some good."

Mr. McMillin of Tennessee also relates a story worth writing. In an interior town at the late election a Republican crator was desanting on the beauties of protection. He instanced the improvement of the country under Hepublican rule, and predicted that if the same party held the reins of Government twenty years more the poor man of to-day might live in the lap of luxury.

Do you mount that now?" said an Irish-

rears more the poor man of to-day might live in the lap of luxury.

Do you moind that now?" said an Irishman to his companion.

Bure I do," was the reply. "What's the use of living in the lap of luxury after you're

more facts he might have done the Demoirable party some good.

"In the late election of Tennessee also relates a the late of the country of the country some sould be late of the country ander the late election a flevublem and the rior town at the late election a flevublem and the rior town at the late election a flevublem and the rior country ander the provement of the country and an analysis of the provement of the country ander the provement of the country and the the of living in the lap of luxury after you're dead?

Another bright planet is the Hon. Joseph G. Oannon of lilinois, a prominent candidate for pushes of the sity-first Congress. Beierring to a flattering newspaper article the other day, he said: I don't get much of it. I can't tell was now much I appropriate it. It is kindness from an unexpected quarter. I feel like Abe dincoln when he said that when he were a boy issessmed to him that he loved gingerbread more and got less of it than any boy in town." James Buchanan of New Jersey the other day get to talking about the scorching the Republican party in Virginia, received lately. Their elation before election." said he. "and their depression after it reminds me of the story of the bow-lexued man. His less were so crooked that they looked like an C. He was axtremely sensitive over the defect. One day a triand asked him what made him so handylegged. He opened his mouth like a rat trap and butted out: I went up in a belloon and walked back."

and chiprical qui: I went up in a balloon and saiked back."

Ben Butterworth is a charming conversationalist. Talking lately about the effect of the sifils bill upon the Democratic party, he said that it reminded him of the story of an Irishman trins to lead a bull. He tied the rope to his wrist, and the bull took the lead. He took it with a venusance, as the Irishman was flying around a corner a friend shouted:

"Where are you going. Fat?"
I don't know, he replied. "Ask the bull."
The intest and y is told at the expense of John O. Nelli of St. Louis. He was in conversation with a beautiful gir! from Iron Mountain. "I am told, Mr. O'helli." said she. that you are a mognitur.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. The Mercium of Two Spice, One of When Dies in the Service,

Ten days before Rosecrans moved from Nashville to attack Brugg at Murfreesboro, he knew the Confederate strength to a man and a gun. That was, perhaps, the best piece of scout and spy work on a large scale performed during the war. There were twenty-two of us, male and female, engaged in the enterprise for hree weeks, and four of us remained within Bragg's line up to within twelve hours of the

On the other hand, Brace was receiving hourly information from a hundred different sources, and his estimate of the Federal strength was bound to be only 152 out of the way. To get these figures on either side required much personal sacrifice at great peril, and during the three weeks mentioned three of our spies were captured, and we got two Confed Two of ours were shot while making a break for liberty, and the third died in prison. The two Confederates were killed within our lines and a guard of four men with them, by the explosion of an ammunition wagon.

The fact that I was a scout and spy during

the greater part of the war does not bias me one lots when I say that men who will take their lives in their hands as spies do are not deserving of the stigma which attaches to the name. The idea in war is to win battles. Why should the men who go into an enemy's camp and count his numbers be reproached and the General who acts on the information and wins a fight be praised? If because they go in dis-guise, one can assert that half the movements in a campaign are disguised. Troops advan or retreat to play bypocrite and deceive the enemy. Our gunboats were often disguised in order to get an advantage, and pelther alde hesitated at any stratagem which promised to blind the other.

Why it is legitimate warfare for a gunboat to

shut off her lights and sneak past a battery at midnight to take a position below and a matter of contempt for an individual to pass that same battery on foot to see what is beyond is a puzzle to me. The rule in war is to welcome the deserter who has information, but to shoot down the patriot who comes to possess himsel of any, and it will, perhaps, always remain so. It was required of me to enter Murfreesboro and remain for a couple of weeks to get the headquarters gossip. Such pointers as I picked up were to be forwarded to a certain spot on the Nashville pike by a young man who accompanied me to act as messenger. His name was Charles Jackson, and he was a private in an Ohio regiment. It was arranged that I should hall from Louisville and he from Lexington, we were busy posting up on the streets, prominent people, public buildings, &c., of the

we were busy posting up on the streets, prominent people, public buildings, &c., of the cities named. It was an essy matter to get into the town, but it cost Unele Sam considerable cash in advance. I was furnished with twenty-five revolvers as proof that I was the agent of a firearms house in Louisville, and Jackson got in with three fine horses to sell for a Loxington speculator.

So far so good. When one has actually entered upon the dangers of an expedition the perils seem to lessen. I took up my quarters at a lotel, and made no attempt to avoid any one. Jackson put his horses into the hotel stables, but took up his own quarters at a private boarding house. There was much confusion and excitement, and no one seemed to give us any attention. On the first day of my arrival I sold a revolver to an infantry Captain named Willisms, and he informed me that he would return next day with a couple of his friends. I was in no hurry to sell out my stock, as I calculated on a stay of ten days at the least, and I made no advances to the many officers coming and going. I kept my eyes and ears open for pointers, and something worth saving was pleked up every hour. Jackson put such a high price on his horses that he found no takers on the first day, but on the second sold one.

On the second day, about mid-afternoon, a sin-

him.
"Because I was told by army officers yester-day that all civilians had to be identified; and that any remaining after to-day must have a permit from headquarters."
"And how did you knew I had come for the purpose?"

"And how did you knew I had come for the purpose?"

"Why, didn't you signal me that you desired to speak to me?"

No, sir!"

You didn't! Then I beg your pardon sir. You are probably a contractor or agent, like mysel!, and I am sorry for the mistake. Please accept my applogies."

"So you are from Louisville?" he queried, lighting the signar and seeming somewhat mollised.

illed.
"Yes, air."
"How long have you lived there?"
"Over five years.
"Then you must know many of the business

"All of them, sir."

"All of them, sir."

"All of them, sir."

I know he was setting a trap for me. While he kept silence I rattled away about the growth of the city and the improvements made and contemplated, but he was not to be turned his purpose.

Col. — able to be out yet?" he finally

"Is Uo!.— able to be out yet?" he finally saked, in a very careless way.

"I saw him on the street a week ago."

"Bure of that?"

"Of course I am."

"Gol. R. G.— I mean."

"Certainly, the eteamboat man."

"And you saw him on the street a week ago?"

"I did, sir; and, more than that, I introduced him to a Cincinnati gentieman."

"Look: here, friend," he said, as he tapped me on the arm, "Col.— was killed by a locomotive at the depot in Louisville six months

Had he trapped me? At that moment the cavairy Captain to whom I had sold the revolver on the previous day, entered with his friend. Luckily for me the Captain was very mellow and very good-natured. He came directly up to me, gave me both his hands, and exclaimed: exclaimed: My dear, dear old fellah, but how do you do?"Do you know this gentleman?" asked my

bringing us texesber without warning we would betray ourselves. I might be wrong in my deductions, but I was nerved up when we entered the jail to see Jackson. He could have no warning that he was to meet me, and it was an anxious question as to how he would act.

It was my fellow spy, sure encough, who was brought out, but he had the nerve of a hero. Not by so much as a wink did he betray the lact that we had ever met. When called upon to identify him I failed to remember that I had ever noticed him. Had he been right in his answers about Lexington he would have been set at liberty, but he was wrong in several instances. He had somehow got the names of the streets mixed up with those of Cincinnati, and he could not give the correct names of the eading business men. When asked about the leading business men. I had not suspect that he was being watched, but such was the fact. When allowed to walk in the corridor for exercise, he showed by his sait that he had been drilled as a soldier. In his cell, secure from observation, as he supposed, he took from his bootleg a paner on which he had written down the names of several Loxington business men. I had cautioned him against having the slightest scrap of writing about him, but he probably feared to trust to his memory entirely. Indeed, it had falled him, and he now thought to refresh it. An excuse was soon made to search him, the paper removed, and then they began to look, upon him with suspleton. For three days I heard of him every few hours through a colored man employed in the hotel, who had a friend in the jail. At the end of that the paper removed, and then they began to look, upon him with suspleton. For three days I heard of him every few hours through a colored man employed in the hotel, who had on the sa

How could be nave consessed to an untruth? Bring him here and let me hear him say so.

That baffled them. I had made several friends among the officers, and without appearing to interest myself too much, I interested them in Jackson's case. Had he not confessed that he had passed out the lines with information we could have probably had him sent off as a prisoner of war. As a last effort to secure a hold on me the detective promised young Jackson his life and liberty if he would furnish evidence to convict me.

"How can I?" he replied. "What can I say against him that he could not prove faise?"

They were going to arrest me and confront me with the statement that Jackson had confessed all, but they were too late. I was beyond their reach. It was a year before I ascertained the poor boy's fate. After hearing that I had left, and being told that a court martial would order him to be hung, he hung himself in his cell the morning that the battle began.

THE COLORED CATHOLIC CONGRESS. Arrangements Perfected for the Meeting on

Mr. Daniel A. Rudd, editor of the American Catholic Tribune of Cincinnati, who was the projector and has done so much to insure the eess of the Congress of Colored Catholics of the United States, to be held at Washington, D. C., Jan 1, is in the city. A reporter of THE Sun saw Mr. Rudd at the Sumner House, in West Thirty-seventh street, yesterday, where he is stopping, and was given the following information concerning the Congress:

"The temporary organization has been decided upon," said Mr. Rudd. "The Hon. Wm. Henry Smith will be temporary Chairman and Dr. W. S. Lofton and Mr. Charles H. Butler temporary Secretaries. All the other tempo rary officers of the Congress will be selected will convene in St. Augustine Church hall. "The papers to be presented to the Congress

"The papers to be presented to the Congress are all of so much importance to the colored race that it would be hard to determine in advance which one will be of the most importance. "Among the prominent gentlemen who will attend the sessions of the Congress I may name Cardinal Gibbone, Arehbishop Elder, the Hoo. W. H. Smith, the Very Reverend A. B. Leesan, the Rev. John R. Biattery, and Mesgrs. P. J. Augustine, Frank Dorsey, P. Albert Dutrieule, the Rev. P. J. McDermott, D. S. Mahoney, Req., and many others from all parts of the country."

"What results do you expect to reach from the labors of the Congress?" asked the reporter. "We expect to gather statistics relating to work among colored Catholics," replied Mr. Radd, "promote acquaintance, take our bear-

is the Church."
"Will a permanent organization of some will a permanent organization of some kind be effected?"
The Church herself is organization enough for all big enough for all the races of mankind. Steps will be taken, however, to form a sort of committee for the purpose of keeping up a correspondence between the different sections where colored Catholics are to be found to the end that the acquaintances made at the Congress will not be lost."

"Do you believe in developing the work on the color line?"

"In the regular custom and up a box for the color thang up a box for the color of Christmas present custom is really an extension of the fee system, and like the fee system, and like the fee system it will have an injurious effect on the wages of those who take the properiety of a hotel in fixing the wages of his employees to hang up a box for the color all the recess of man-kind. Steps will be taken, however, to form a system it will have an injurious effect on the properiety of a hotel in fixing the wages of his employees to hang up a box for the color all the characteristics and like the fee system, and like the fee system, and like the fee system, and like the fee system is will have an injurious effect on the properiety of a hotel in fixing the wages of his employees for the next year will regard the amount of the Christmas presents custom is really an extension of the fee system, and like the fee system is will have an injurious effect on the properiety of a hotel in fixing the wages of those who take the properiety of a hotel in fixing the wages of those who take the properiety of a hotel in fixing the wages of the feet system, and like the feet system,

the color line?"
"The Church never has had, and never will have, a color line," replied Mr. Budd. "All men are absolutely equal before her altars. Any one who believes or teaches other than this is less than a Catholic."

Mr. Budd has made many addresses along the route from Cincinnatt in furtherance of the meeting of the Congress, and will make a statement this (Sunday) evening at the Church of St. Benedict the Moor, Bleecker and Downing streets, concerning the work.

A Stage Role Hitherto Unknown.

An old and rather dilapidated woman came along Broadway and was warmly greeted by Lawrence Barrett, who is not accustomed to unbend his dignity in salutation. But this time he said, "How do you do?" in a really hearty voice. "What are you doing now?" "I am playing a dog fight," was the reply.

Even the long-experienced Barrett didn't know what was meant by that, until the woman in the Bowery, and one of the features is a dos fight that the audience hears but doesn't see. It is supposed to occur just the other side of a fence. Well, I am doing the side of a feace. Well, I am doing the barking, yelping, and snarling for that fight. It is a dual character, too, for there are two dogs in it, and I make the noise for both."

The woman had once been a competent actress, but was now reduced, as she said, to playing a dog fight. Nor need one seek fer bad luck in the profession before finding the poesy rubbed off the heroism. Let a woman who has regarded Edwin Booth as godlike stee off Broadway' a hundred feet and in through the stage door of a theatre. There you see the great actor as Breatus, completely dressed in Homan armor, and a martial sight indeed—except that in his mouth is a short, blackened clay pipe, such as a day laborer might properly use, but which in the mouth of an ancient Roman looks shockingly iconoclastic. This is an interval between acts of "Julius Casar" at a martine, and Booth is enjoying the smoke which he indukes in at every opportunity during a stage representation. Tobacco is his stimulant to good acting. Having been an inveterate smoker since childbood, he now requires something unusually strong in the way of tobacco smoke to produce the desired effect upon his nervous system. That is why a malodorous and unsightly stub of a pipe was puffed by Brutes.

A little old man, gray and bent, trundling small hand organ in what looked like a baby carriage, stopped in front of Theodore Thomas's house on East Seventeenth street yesterday morning and began to grind out performance a servant girl in starched white performance a servant girl in starched white cap and apron came out of the house and gave the old man a bright silver coin. A man passing by saw her do it, and, turning back, gave the organ grinder another coin. The old Italian was almost delirious with surprise and delight, and, cap in hand, turned his little whitel around three or four times in his confusion. Then he evidently concluded that the occupant of the house liked his music, and, settling down to work, ground out his whole repertoire.

MANHRIM, Pa., Dec. 22.—Henry Keener, an cotogenarian, shot a mad dog which ran amuck for ten miles in northern Lancaster county. A hundred dogs were hitten and the excitoment has revived an old custom. "This mad dog scare has boomed my business." said Bencor searce has boomed my business," said Ech-iamin Bishop, who has just made a tour of the territory visited by the dog. "I have all I can do removing a worm that grows at the rook of the dog's tengue. The worm is round at both ends and level from the tongue in the middle, in big dogs this worm is an inch and a half in leasth. When the worm is sut out the dog is perfectly harmiss, because whan hydrophoids sets in the laws of the dog become as allfane

CHRESTMAS GIFTS TO EMPLOYEES. An English Coston Which Mas Established

The English custom of giving Christmas presents and money to employees will be adopted in this city to a great extent this year, In England the Christmas presents are fixed by custom to almost as definite an extent as wages. A servant receives the Christmas present as part of his pay. On the Continent, particularly in Germany, the annual presents are regarded as part of the wages. Frequently it is stipulated what the present shall be, shether money or clothing, and if money, how much. The custom has not been in existence long enough in this country to make the expectation of Christmas presents a matter of right. But at the rate the custom is gaining strength, it will not be long before all kinds of servants will count on the reception of money at Christmas with as much regularity and certainty as their wages. Presents in money are given not only to all the servants in the employ of wealthy families, but in clubs, stables, restaurants, and even shops.

In clubs the custom has been in existence for

money, the amount to be subscribed, and the ratio of distribution are well settled. A fortnight before Christmas Day a subscription list saying that in recognition of the services of saying that in recognition of the services of the employees during the past year and in order to make their Christmas more merry and happy the undersigned subscribe the amount supposite their names. The amount ranges from \$1 or \$2 to \$10 or \$15, according to the character of the club. Usually all the members give the same sum. It would look ostentations for a man to give more than his fellow members do, and the amount for each individual is so small that no one is likely to fail below the sum fixed by custom. The employees have a way of dividing up the funds among themselves which is hardly just. The clerks, steward, chief cook, and head waiter, and their assistants, all of whom are well paid, take more of the sum than is allotted to the porters and the waiters. A ratio of division is arranged in which the amount of salary and the kind of work are considered. This does not give the mass of the servants as much as they are entitled to, but it follows out the English custom, which, while regarding all the members of the club as equal, recognizes vast social differences among the servants.

In the Exchanges the same custom has been followed for years. The gross amounts in such large Exchanges as the Produce and Stock are comfortable sums. The minor servants get a better show here than in most clubs. It occasionally happens that the directors or governing committee give a present to the chief officials out of the funds of the Exchange, and the sum subscribed by the members goes entirely to the servants.

In the wealthier private houses in New York. the employees during the past year and in or-

omicials out of the funds of the Exchange, and the sum subscribed by the members goes entirely to the servants.

In the wealthier private houses in New York the presents include both money and clothing. In some houses jewelry is also given, though this is hardly regarded as good form. The presents of clothing usually fall to the women servants. The clothing usually fall to the women servants. The clothing usually is not made up ready for wear. A dress pattern is given instead of a completed dress, and a hat frame and trimming instead of a hat ready for wear. It is assumed that the servants have preferences of their own about the way their best dress should be made and by giving the material they are left free to follow their own taste. Presents of clothing are not livery or necessary clothing that must be bought anyhow. This is regarded as making a pretence of giving a Christmas present without doing it.

In brokers' offices the amount of the Christmas present varies according to the business that fun has hear doing. It manustly success. Christmas present without doing it.
In brokers' offices the amount of the Christmas present varies according to the business the firm has been doing. If unusually successful during the year the Christmas presents to the head bookkeeper and the cashier may amount to one or two months' salary.

In big stores the easiest form of a Christmas present is to allow the employees to select goods of a certain value and take them home without paying for them. This is less costly to the firm than it would be to give presents of money, and at times it enables them to discose of stock which otherwise they might have to carry over to another season. Where the store is large the employees would as leave have an order for goods as the money, especially if they are allowed to take the goods at the cost price instead of the selling price.

In hotels, apartment houses, boarding houses, and stables the regular customers are expected to give a present in money to the servants or employees who have been looking after their comfort for the past year. A transfent guest or occasional customer is not expected to contribute, but to give whatever fees

servants or employees who have been looking after their comfort for the past year. A transient guest or occasional customer is not expected to contribute, but to give whatever fees he may wish at the time the service is rendered. Old customers commute the fees by making a Christmas present. A little calculation will show how much cheaper this is than to give out small change frequently. Ten cents a meal for a year amounts to over \$100. A servant would suppose without thinking that a Christmas present of a \$20 bill was a bigger thing than frequent ten-eant fees.

Another form of Christmas present is the kind that one set of employees get from a higher set. In almost all the office buildings in New York the assistant janitors, the scrubwomen, and the boys hang up boxes in conspicuous places, where the clerks and tenants are expected to deposit some silver. The proprietors of bootblack stands, saloons, news stands, eigar stores, and other places which have regular customers, frequently allow the minor employees to hang up a box for the col-

stands, eigar stores, and other places which have regular oustomers, frequently allow the minor employees to hang up a box for the coliection of Christmas present custom is really an extension of the fee system, and like the fee system it will have an injurious effect on the wages of those who take the precents, for the proprietor of a hotel in fixing the wages of his employees for the next year will regard the amount of the Christmas presents they collect as so much inducement to stay in his employ. WHERE PRIESTS DINE

and the Walter Says that They Do Not

From the Providence Journal. I was at my dinner in a queer restaurant n an odd corner of upper New York the other day, and my attention was distracted from my food by the frequent passage through the room of waiters laden with plates and viands. Each kicked the swinging door to let himself through, but when the door was ajar I could see nothing beyond it except a screen. Over the door was the word "Private." Now and then a sound as of one person speaking to another escaped from the room. "How is it possible." I asked myself. "that two men can keep all those waiters fiying to and fro, or that two men can eat all that is going in there?"

"Dinner party in there?" I ventured, to my

waiter.
"Yes, big one; feefty persons," said the waiter.
"Yes, big one; feefty persons," said the waiter.
"Fifty!" I exclaimed. "Fifty what? Fifty
"Fifty!" I exclaimed. "Jinner of some queer "Fifty!" I exclaimed. "Fifty what? Fifty deaf mutes, or is it a dinner of some queer club whose members have a rule not to speak? I have heard of such oddities among the rules of the clubs of town."
"No, sare; feefity priests are eating in there. The priest be never talk when he eats the big dinner."

"No, sare: feefty priests are eating in there. The priest he never talk when he eats the big dinner."

"No?"

"No, sare; the priest he never talk while-a he eat. Oh, sare, but the priest he is the one man in the world which know how to eat. First the oysters, and there sit the fifty or the seventy or the hundred priest, and he speak not a word. Then the soup and his spoon go fast but not a the priest's tongue. Then the fish and still not say talk. Then the roast and the this and the that and all the time the different kind of wine and the spoons and the knife and fork they go go like sixty, but from the priest, and all the time not a word except perhaps, one says. Good, eh? and his neighbor say. Fine!" Ah, that is what I call knowing how to eat."

In your country, he went on, for I had started the waiter upon a topic dear to his Italian sou." In your country the people all talk-a entirely too much. Who can taste the soup in the middle of the fine joke? Who can tell-a the difference between the venison and the partridge if he must scratch-a his head to make up the comical story? How can you drink the grand laugh. Ah, notes the priest. There is feelty of him in that-a room, and you do not hear them crack-a the joke or tell-a the comic story, or fence with the smart word. No, they are eating and drinking and 'joying theirselfs like-a men of the common sense which know what a good dinner is, and how it shall be eaten. But wait, my friend. It is now? O clock. Wait till it has been 9 o'clock. Then you shall not ask is it two men in there? You shall blink-a the whole town is there, such laughter and good fun will come from that room. That will be over the cordial and coffee with-a the good cigar. You shall think the good dinner."

I heard from this garrulous waifer that there whole town is there, such laughter and good fun will come from that room. That will be over the cordial and coffee with-a the good dinner."

I heard from this garrulous waifer that there are priests restaurants in town, that is eating places that

Miss Clara (hiding a yawn; time, midnight)-I want you to admire our new marble cleck, Mr. Samp Mr. Sampson-That is a beautiful thing. Does it keep good time?

Sampson-That is a beautiful thing. Does it keep good time?

Pape Was telling the thir evening that the over an hour look.

THE PAIR WERE ACQUAINTED. Interesting Collegny on a Car Platform to a Justor Bilmark,

On one of the coldest midnights of the last week a Third avenue car disped and danced on its springs as it raced down town through the white glare of the electric lights in the Bowery. Coming the other way was a vicious wind that in its frequently hilarious moments was a junior blizzard. The big driver, big every way, with a girth like an elephant, and so tall that his Scotch cap nearly touched the tip of the slanting car roof, was comfortable. His care were protected by the cap's muffs and his joily eyes looked from under the cap's peak out over a worsted comfortable wound about his throat and the lower portion of his face. He was muffled in a big and thick ulster. He handled the ribbons with an abandon that was as pronounced as the wind itself. He had thick and comfortable shoes, and he jigged at inter-

vals from very content.

Directly behind him, standing straight against the door, was a little man who came up to the hig driver's shoulders. Between gasps resulting from the stiff wind he pulled on a straight-stemmed pipe with a big bowl. Judging from the aroma, it was powerful poor

Judging from the aroma, it was powerful poor tobacco in the pipe. The big driver seamed to think so any way, as he was seen slyly to cast his eye around on the smoker, and give a disdainful saiff or two.

At five successive corners the driver had to pull up sharely, and in the rebound from the sudden stops his penderous shoulders shoot back against the little man with the pipe, and each time the stem was jammed back into the little man's throat. After each experience the tears came to the little man's eyes, and he sputtered and coughed and gasped for breath. He would scarcely get over one jamming when the car would come to a stop at the next corner with a vicious suddenness that was amazing. The pipe stem would be as suddenly jammed down the little man's threat by the full force of the big driver's contact with the big bowl.

After six corners had been passed the little man's face was as red as a peony. He had been suspicious from the first corner, but the driver was a big man. But if he had been as big as the Post Office the little man's fury would have taskled him. He did it thus:

Lou're the bloody beastliest driver Hi ever saw."

would have tackled him. He did it thus:

"Lou're the bloody beastliest driver Hi ever saw."

He got this out with difficulty, still maintaining his place directly behind the driver.

"Eh?" came through the comfortable over the big man's mouth.

"You're the bloody beastliest driver Hi ever saw. chucking me pipe down me throat every time you pull up," the smoker cried with more connectedness, holding his pipe in his hand as he shot his criticism at the offender, and, not noticing the wink slyly thrown in another direction, he continued. "You're too bloody a beastly driver to drive on a tramway giver Hi ever saw." and with renewed courage he howled, "Hill 'ave you picking beans for a living, Hill communicate with the directors of this tramway company and 'ave you discharged for chucking me pipe down me throat."

The jolly eyes of the big driver were all atwinkle by this time, and turning slightly as the car danced and skipped along he gruffly demanded:

"Ow long yer been 'ere, sonny?" giving the

the car danced and skipped along he gruffly demanded:

"Ow long yer been 'ere, sonny?" giving the h's po show at all as he mocked the trate one.

"Long enough to know that yer the bloodiest, beastliest driver in all this beastliest country," the little Englishman exclaimed as he resumed his pipe in time to have it jammed into his throat at the seventh stop. The tears and coughs and gasps were repeated, and between them came the condemnation that the driver was "the diver soft tramway care." followed by the statement that it was shocking treatment that "a gentleman got in this bloodiest, beastliest country."

"Look a-here," demanded the big driver, turning full around and holding the ribbons in his big left hand, "you know a big lot about drivers and tramways, don't yer."

"Yes, yer bloody duffor, I used ter—" The little chunk of the United Eingdom quit suddenly."

"I thought I know yer," went on the defeate

little chunk of the United Kingdom quit suddenly.

"I thought I knew yer," went on the driver.

"You and me used ter drive tramways in the
old country, and didn't yer sly boots try to cut
me out wid Roste, yer little tarrier, and yer
didn't think I knew yer, did yer? Why I'd
know yer and yer pipe in Africy. Yer a fine
gentleman now, ain't yer?" And as the dar
dashed by the Nata-Zeitung building the little
man hopped off and elenching his pipe roared
back:

quence is that perishable cargoes are more saiely carried than they were, so far as sea damage is concerned. But there is an i-ternal enemy to the soundness of cargo, as well as the external sait water, in the shape of condensed moisture arising from the goods themselves. And unfortunately the damages caused by this peril seem to be on the increase. Bometimes when cargo is improperly shipped damp and shut up in the hold of a yessel on a long voyage, it is to be expected that the moisture will evaporate and damage other goods on board. In such a case, of course, both merchant and Captain are to blame, the merchant for teadering and the Captain for receiving goods likely to damage others.

But sweat is not confined to goods shipped wet, rice, for instance, may be apparently perfectly dry when shipped, and yet may become very hot and emit a vepor while lying closely stowed in gunny bage in the hold. The vapor rises, and, coming into contact with the cold ceiling, condenses, and either falls onto the top tier of goods, causing damage, or runs down the internal sides of the ship, and unless the cargo be well dunnaged, damages the bottom tier. Rice is not the only article liable to sweat. Among others are skins, wheat, some nuts, and copra, which last are sun-dried broken kernels of the cocoanut. The number of ships reaching our ports which cargo one or receiving damaged goods for a long time before they suspected the true cause of the wetting or mould, and underwriters find, to their cost, increasing damages from internal causes, in some cases merchants have gone or receiving damaged goods for a long time before they suspected the true cause of the wetting or mould, and underwriters have continued to settle claims as for sea damage without suspecting, or if suspecting, without being able to prove that the depreciated goods had not been in actual contact with sea water. It is, however, important to distinguish between the two causes of damage, for the reason that the one comes within the meaning of the expression."

ANSONIA, Dec. 22. - A Seymour sport bought a hen hawk that a farmer's boy had winged near Squantuck and cared for it until the wounded member was all right. Last week the hawk was matched to fight a game cock belonging to a Naugatuck fancier. The sport-ing men of the two towns gathered in large ing men of the two towns gathered in large numbers and the Naugatuck men placed heavy wagers on their rooster. The pit was formed in a saloon and the hawk and rooster faced each other. The latter was equipped with steel spurs. The rooster mades a dash at the hawk, and jumped to sirike it, when a vicious peck from the latter's bill tore the flash and feathers from the breast of the cock and caused him to fall short of his mark. When the rooster approached for a second attack the hawk turned sideways and hit him with its best wing, knocking him down. Before the astoniahed rooster could recover, the hawk wheeled around on one foot with the preclaion of a Beventh Regiment veteran, and a second flap from its other wing took all the ardor out of the Naugatuck bird. When the contestants faced each other in the third round the rooster withdrew to the other side of the ring, and no amount of urging or coaching could force him to the scratch. It is reported that \$700 was lost by the Naugatuckians.

A Hen Hawk Whips a Game Cock,

A Pair of Tippling Coons. MERIDEN, Dec. 22.—Connecticut coons have many peculiar traits, but Meriden has perhape many peculiar traits, but Meriden has perhaps
the only pair that are not prohibitionista.
James H. Kenny owns them. Their love for
beer is so strong that they will drink nothing
else. Like many other toners, they are unable
to realize when they have had enough. They
get boiling drunk at every opportunity, and
smally end their spress in savage fights.
Neither will drink beer brewed in Connecticut.
They drink New York or hillwaukee beer, but
their greatest delight is in Culmbacher.

Builbon Matters.

Mr. Wabash (to Miss Waldo of Boston)—I sup-pose. Hiss Waldo, that your father is in business in Sec-tor? Miss Waldo-Oh, yes; he is use of the prominent shee manufacturers there. I have move had much hearth as only form myself, four about hear jump the hearth heart

EINGEING THE LOCKS OF TARMANY, Men of Thought from the City Hall Fight-

Mayor-elect Hugh J. Grant dropped in at Boss Morrow's barber shop in Centre street restorday, and while that highly distinguished Berman artist, Carl Jacobs, was tucking the preparatory to shingling his whiskers, he ininusted gently that there was a disposition upon the part of the hair on his head to fail out. "It isn't that you are growing old, Mr. Mayor," Carl remarked sweetly, "but you are thinking over the applications of would-be officeholders, and the blood doesn't get a proper chance to circulate through the hair as te should. I think if it was singed it would freshen it up a bit. You know, there is nothing like singeing to make the hair grow. See the head of hair Boss Morrow is growing all through frequently singeing it. You know that

it stope the blood—"
"Oh, I guess I'll have my hair singed," the Mayor remarked pleasantly. "The boss has been tinkering away at it for some time, with a plece of wax taper, and I thought he had surely started it off on a six-day walk; but, gines you say that the hairs show a tendency to bleed some more, perhaps you had better real them up."

Carl Jasobe first cut the hair of the Mayor elect as he said, to give it a stylish appearance, and also to kind of even it up all around. Then, with his lighted wax taper, he singed the hair. "You see," Carl Jacobe said to an onlocker, there is a tendency to split in the hair of the thoughtul man, and when the hair splits it does not retain the blood as it ought. Hair that has no blood is not good hair. By cutting it and sealing it again the decayed hair is removed, and a new lesse given to the hair. See?"

The artist had travelled all over the head of the Mayor elect, gently dashing the lighted wax taper where the hair was thin. Then he suggested that a shampoo would be the proper thing to get out any of the stray hair and dust from the scalp.

"You won't wash off any of the buibs that you burned on the hairs?" the Mayor anxiously asked. "That might result in disaster."

"I'll be very particular, Mr. Mayor." Jacobs said solemnly. Besides you know artists auch as we have here always akip past the buibs."

The hayor elect saw that he was in for the champoo, which Artist Jacobs and swid.

"Here comes Flack. Singe his hair."

"Oh, he comes in every other day and has it sinced. He brought in Register Sievin and John Reilly the other day. They are just thoked to death over singeing. They are just thick as when they were youngsters. You're next, Mr. Flack."

In a little while all the barbers had little wax tapers circling about the hairs slit by overwork and loes of blood.

"Discoveries II never cease in this country while Tammany's on top," said ex-Register John Reilly. "See if they do." "Oh, I guess I'll have my hair singed," the

A WALL OF WATER.

Two Explorers Lose their Lives in a Wave Forty Feet Righ. In March last two German officials landed

on the southwest coast of the big island of New Britain to explore the island. They had gone there from Finehhaven, in neighboring New Guinea, with a considerable force of natives. No tidings whatever have been heard of them since. Search parties sent out from Finchhav longer any doubt that they fell victims to a remarkable phenomenon that occurred two or three days after they reached the island. On the morning of March 13 a sound was heard at Finehhaven as of distant thunder. A few minutes later the sea receded from the shore in an unheard-of manner, and revealed to view, six feet above its surface, a reef at the me out wid Rose, yer little tarrier, and yer of the work of the seek of the work of the seek of the seek of the seek of the seek. The seek of the seek above water before. Then the sea came back started inland, and they were overwhelmed in the common destruction. The great wave which overwhelmed many thousands of people after the eruption at Krakataus is said to have travelled several times around the world. It is probable that this enormous wave at Rew Britain extended its effects in a slight measure to every ocean.

FOR TEMPERANCE.

Col. Ligo Raiford Delivers a Stirring and Eloquent Speech in Indianapolis. From the Indianapolis Journa . Mr. Murphy, after brief remarks, then in

troduced E. W. Halford as the first speaker of When I face this magnificent audience the first thought that comes into my mind is that

"When I face this magnificent audience the first thought that comes into my mind is that there is something else that can interest the people of Indianapolis aside from politica. Great applause.] For months we have been in its turmoil, and this hall has been crowded with the multitude coming to hear the great political leaders, but it is a great pleasure to see that this audience is a decisive demonstration that the people of this city are ready to participate in a great moral as well as in great party victories. (Applause.) Without any concerted action, without any great publication, this multitude of our best people have througed this magnificent hall, ready to give the strong arm of their support to the work. This is a great beginning, not only to a week of service, but so long as the interest shall be maintained. [Applause.] I was much impressed with a report recently issued that the agents of the Y. M. O. A. of this city had simultaneously taken their stand before six salcons, and for one hour counted the young men men who entered them. They reported that in these places of corruption. I have stood before the people and pleaded for means to build that grand institution for young men, and have asked them to consider the screen seed of this hospitable refuge from iniquity. Now, there are probably 15,000 young men in this city to-night. From shop and factors, store and warchouse, they come forth from the days work, and when night is on, with its able mantic, the most hospitable reception is found in the salcon, with its doors ever open, its lights ever bright. From the alcon they are ited to nameless recorts of iniquity, and waste the very flower of their manhood in dissipation, of humanity. For this end, Mr. Murphy, you have my hearty indonsement of you and your work." I Applause.]

Says the Policeman to a Lawyer's Tout, Mathilda O'Neill preferred charges to Superintendent Murray yesterday against Police-man William Ketchale of the Yorkville Court. She said that she obtained a warrant from Jus-tice O'Beilly on Dec. 7 for the arrest of a diserderly neighbor. Ketchale served the warrant, and then advised her to get a lawyer, informing and then advised her to get a lawyer, informing her that the defendant had one. She engaged ex-Police Justice Marcus Otterbours. On the day the case came up in court Ketchale asked her who her lawyer was. She told him, and he said:

"Don't hire Otterbourg. He has been making preceives for Hewitt and has no influence with Justice O'Bellly. He hasn't been in court for three weeks."

She permitted Ketchale to take her to a lawyer in the court room, and in Ketchale's presence she paid the lawyer \$5.

Ketchale denies the charge. He will be tried.

Otris and Boys to Contest for Prizes. A contest in elecution between pupils of the A contest in elecution between pupils of the patile schools at Cifron, Castleton, Stapleson, Granite ville. Fort Richmond, and West New Srighton. B. ... will take place on Tuesday evening in Gridith. Hall at Fort Richmond. George William Captis will preside. Several other gentlemen prominent in Regrary and educational mattern will get the martie of the recitations can devaluate the several other senting a fire posteriorist. A complete stylepostal, numerically single bestfer-bound quarto-volumes, will be awarded to see the there bound quarto volumes, will be awarded to get the property of the second process. I have been a second process of the second process of the second process. I have taken to be seen a language of the second process. I have taken to be seen a language of the second process. ATLANTA'S FEMALE DETECTIVE.

The Only One in the South, and a Very Charming Young Peru ATLANTA, Dec. 22.-Luvena Mabry is one of the notable characters of Atlanta. Luvens is a flaxen-baired, cherry-lipped girl of 25, with a form like Hebe. She enjoys the distinction of being the only fernale detective in the South, and has a history as romantic as it has been adventurous. Her father lived in Haralson county, where he was a dealer in moonshine whiskey. One day Deputy Marshal Mark Scott appeared on the scene for the purpose of arresting the old man, but found the daughter instead. She gave him such a tongue was brought to Atlanta a prisoner, where she met United States Marshal Nelms, who saw at

met United States Marshal Nolms, who saw at once that she would make a good detective. "I could strike a still house like a hound pup does stop," she said.

The most notable case in which she was engaged was that of Jim McCoy. Jim had may dered Deputy Marshal Kellett and a companion. The murder was peculiarly brutal. In a general was that of Jim McCoy in the little had wounded McCoy. McCoy extracted the bullet and kept it for ten years before hellett had wounded McCoy. McCoy extracted the bullet and kept it for ten years when he sent it whizzing through Kellett's heart. As all the mountain people were his friends it was found impossible to spot him. There was a neighbor with whose daughter McCoy had illieft relations, and with her Miss Luvena was intimate. She went there on a visit, and when she was shown into her room she quietity slipped out of the window and into her friend's room, where she secreted here self under the bed. About midnight McCoy entered and spent the night. Before leaving he made an engagement to return next night. Miss Luvena watched the first opportunity te slip out and into her own room. A few minutes later she appeared at the breakfast table as though nothing had happened. She returned to Atlanta in time to give warning, and that night the officers arrested McCoy at the appointed place.

In order to carry out her schemes Miss

turned to Atlanta in time to give warning, and that night the officers arrested McCoy at the appointed place.

In order to carry out her schemes Miss Luvens appears ahead as a "iy" young lady, and thus makes friends. She then gives the points away to the officers, appearing with them berself in a male garb, so unlike herself that those who know her could not detect her. On another occasion she had to spot an illicit distiller in Handolph county, Alabama. She learned that the moonshiner had a comely daughter. Miss Luvena, therefore, attired as a handsome male book poddler, presented herself at the moonshiner's house. The stranger was all amiles for the young girl, and soon began making love. Next day the affair had progressed far enough for the girl to take the stranger completely into her confidence, and she pointed out the still house. That night the establishment was railed, and the girl has hever since heard from her lover.

"In one of my trips into Cherokee, Georgia," she said. "I made quite a mash on a sweet young lady, and I am now engaged te marry her. She sends me the sweetest letters! You ought to see them. I had to play the part of a man up there, and went in male attire. This young girl took to me at once, and I could not shake her off. So I just made love to her after the most approved style. We have been corresponding regularly. My greatest difficulty with her is in having the dates for marriage postponed. She is a sweet young thing, and I hate to break the iliusion in which she is so happy."

NOVEL SPORT IN MINNESOTA.

Ski Running by Scandinavians J Nearly One Rundred Feet. From the Rinnespotts Tribune.

There is no one who can appreciate the exhilarating sport of ski running in its fullest measure but a pative of Scandinavia. To him it is the national game, a mode of conveyance. the hygienic treatment that stirs the sluggish blood and brings a sparkle to the eye and color to the cheek. Here in the Northwest where so many Scandinavians live the sport has become an established one, and every one who has seen the daring feats of some gayly dressed runner on a pair of skis, looks forward with interest toward the coming winter, when the hills are buried in snow and there is another opportunity of seeing the sport indulged in. There is a ski association in this city with about dity members, numbered among which are some of the best runners in the country. Last February a grand townsment was held on the hills at kenwood, which proved very successful. After the townsment a banquet and reception was given at Turner Hall. The townsment proved so successful that it was decided to hold another one this winter on a larger scale. One of the longest and highest hills at Kenwood, has been secured, which gives a course of nearly half a mile. Work will be begun at once to clear sway the brush and trees, and as soon as sufficient snow falls two lumps will be made. The tournament will be made some time next month. Handsome and valuable prizes and medals, including a Tribuse badge, will be given, and the tournament will be open to finnesota lows, and Dakota. It is expected that over 400 sh runners will be present, Among them will be the finnesota lows, and Dakota. It is expected that over 400 sh runners will be present, Among them will be the finnesota lows, and Dakota. It is expected that over 400 sh runners will be present, Among them will be the finnesota lows, and Dakota. It is expected that over 400 sh runners of the world.

Michael Hemmelstredt, one of the brothers, was present at the tournament tast winter and made a jump of deventy-two feet. His record, however, made in Korway is ninety-five feet, the lonnest jump ever made in the world. The contests at the coming tournament will consist of running, jumping, and fast running on the fints. There will also be contests for local runners alone. Peter Brensholm won the handsome Tribune badge last winter. This will have to come up for competition again in the coming contests. many Scandinavians live the sport has become an established one, and every one who has seen

some Tribune badge last winter. This will have to come up for competition again in the coming contests.

In the old country, and even in parts of this, skis are used to travel with, as in some places where the snow is very deep and the hills steep it would be almost impossible to travel without them. Experts can traverse the highest hills and the rocklest ravines on their skis at the rate of about seven and eight miles an hour. Mountaineers and peasants in Scandinavia use them almost entirely in travelling about the country. It is no novel sight to see in some inland berg hundreds of these peasants come in to do their trading early in the morning on skis.

A novel contest will occur here as soon as sufficient snow falls. Four of the ablest runners in the city will start from the Tribune office at midnight on skis for an overland trip to La Crosse, wis, a distance of it miles. They are expected to make the trip in twenty-sight hours without stopping or resting. All four men are experts on skia, and are confident of making from aix to eight miles an hour. One of them is an old sailor, and he states that there is no danger of their getting lost as they will have a compass with them. None of the men have ever travelled the road before, and the country is entirely strange to them.

One incident which tends to show to what practical uses the ski can be utilized, is the fact of Dr. Nansen crossing Greenland, the intend ice, from the east, with five picked Northed eastern coast of Greenland on July 7, and after a perilous march of forty-two days agrived safely at Good Hoos. Dr. Nansen is 27 years old, and conservator of the good enumer of Bergen, Norway.

. Superstition Rebuked.

ALEHPTOWN, Pa., Dec. 22.-John Warner lives ALZENTOWN, P.S., Dec. 22.—John Warner lives at Oracksport, Labigh county. He is a German of a decid ed superstitious turn of mind, He most with a very painfu socident the other day under singular circumstances. One of Warner's cows had been giving impure milk, and the superstitious German isbored under the deiusion that one of his neighbors had bewitched the sainmal. He was determined to drive away the witches. He leaded his rusty ride with a good charge. On the top of this he put a piece of silver ton. Then he put some of the milk into an earthen pet. To obtain the desired result he was to first the piece of silver through the pot thereby scattering the witches and disenchanting the cow. The gun explosed, and Warner is now suffering with a hed wound having been his by a piece of the gun barrel.

A Short Lecture on Tobacco.

Old Gentleman (to young man with unlighted eigar in his mouth)—Young man, I want to say a word to you about the evils of smoking. It ruins the digestion, destroys the appetits, shatters the nerves, is often sive to almost everybody, and weakens the mental and moral faculties. These are but a few of the evils which a result of the evils which a result of the evils of the evils. Years Mann-ten sir have you got a match in your pocket?

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